

The Evening World

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LET CONGRESS HEAR FROM THE COUNTRY.

THE regular army of the United States is not large enough to protect the southern border against the murderous incursions of Mexican bandits and brigands.

This fact means nothing to the House of Representatives. The vision of that august body of lawmakers is turned inward. It can see only the "bad politics" of assenting to an army increase which the "labor vote" and other electoral elements view with disfavor. It lumps all proposals for a larger standing army under the abhorrent term "Militarism" and refuses to accept from the Senate any bill that aims at substantial strengthening of the nation's regular fighting force.

Meanwhile the National Guard of three and maybe more States must be called from industrial pursuits to do police work along the Mexican boundary and thereby save the country from insolent attacks to which unpreparedness renders it liable.

What do the American people think of the situation? Can even the professional pacifists view with calm and approval the looting of towns and the killing of Americans on their own side of the Mexican line? Can they think it desirable that thousands of militiamen should be taken from their regular occupations to do a job that an adequate standing army could accomplish ten times more expeditiously and at less cost?

Where is the country's common sense? Where is its spirit? Why isn't every Congressman hearing from his constituents on the subject of national defense in a way that he cannot misunderstand? No right-minded American can put up with the pacifists' "small army" talk when bodies of armed men are pushing at will over the nation's borders.

The alleged flutterings of peace are as yet so faint as to escape the eyes and ears of most.

NOTICE PLAINLY SERVED.

THE sentences imposed upon the German agents Fay, Scholz and Daech, all three convicted of conspiracy to destroy or disable ships leaving this port with munitions for the allies, are severe enough to be a warning not only to other plotters but to those "higher up" who employ them.

Fay's case was particularly flagrant, not only from his position as leader, but because he left the German army with the deliberate purpose of carrying on the war—by whatever means he found possible—in this country, regardless of its laws.

The Port of New York harbors and protects the ships of friendly nations, including German vessels valued at millions of dollars. It seems it a poor return when Germany, through her agents, seeks to use its protection and facilities to make war upon her enemies.

The conviction of these three men is a sharp blow to all German conspiracy that ignores the laws of the United States. It should be so interpreted in Berlin.

After years of consideration we have come to the conclusion that the traffic department of the B. R. T. hasn't brains enough to push a peanut across Borough Hall Square.

A NIGHT COURT FOR WAGE-EARNERS.

A NIGHT COURT where wage-earners can secure the prompt settlement of suits involving small sums will be opened in this city the first Monday in June. It will be held thereafter four times each week, on Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays and Thursdays, from 8 to 11 P. M. Branches will be established in the various boroughs as needed.

This much to be desired aid for persons who can least afford to suffer from the law's notorious delays was finally secured without the passage of a bill from Albany which would have made it mandatory. Mayor Mitchel recognized that the authority to set up such a court was already vested in the Board of Justices. Directly the Judges took definite action to provide the court for all the boroughs the Mayor vetoed the Albany bill.

There are enough Justices to divide the work in such manner as shall prevent the extra duties from weighing too heavily on them. The new Night Court can greatly increase respect for the law by emphasizing its readiness to serve the poor man for whom its lengthier processes are prohibitive.

Hits From Sharp Wits

Listen to honeyed words and it's a safe bet you get stung.
A woman can't cuss when she gets mad. But don't you believe for a minute that she isn't thinking a few terrible thoughts.—Columbia State.
It takes two to make a quarrel, but one can make a grouch, which is much worse.
The air of industry some men have about them looks wonderfully like hot air.—Deseret News.
You may have noticed that every

man thinks his train of thought should have the rest of way.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

"You can always tell a pinheaded man," observes the Edisto News. "Our experience has been that you can't tell a pinheaded man anything."—Columbia State.

A woman born in 1836 will be thirty years of age alone about 1940.

Lots of people who spend a great deal of time sympathizing over other folks ought to feel sorry for themselves.—Macon News.

Letters From the People

An Irishman's Views.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
Permit me to thank you for your recent editorial on the Irish situation. It expresses perfectly the precise sentiment I myself feel. I am a true American of Irish descent on both sides, and I sympathize most sensitively with all that relates to the welfare of Ireland, the home of my ancestors. John Redmond, the Irish leader, stands for all that I believe Ireland today is a full partner in a great nation. Alone, fancy it, a nation of 4,000,000 standing by itself ob-

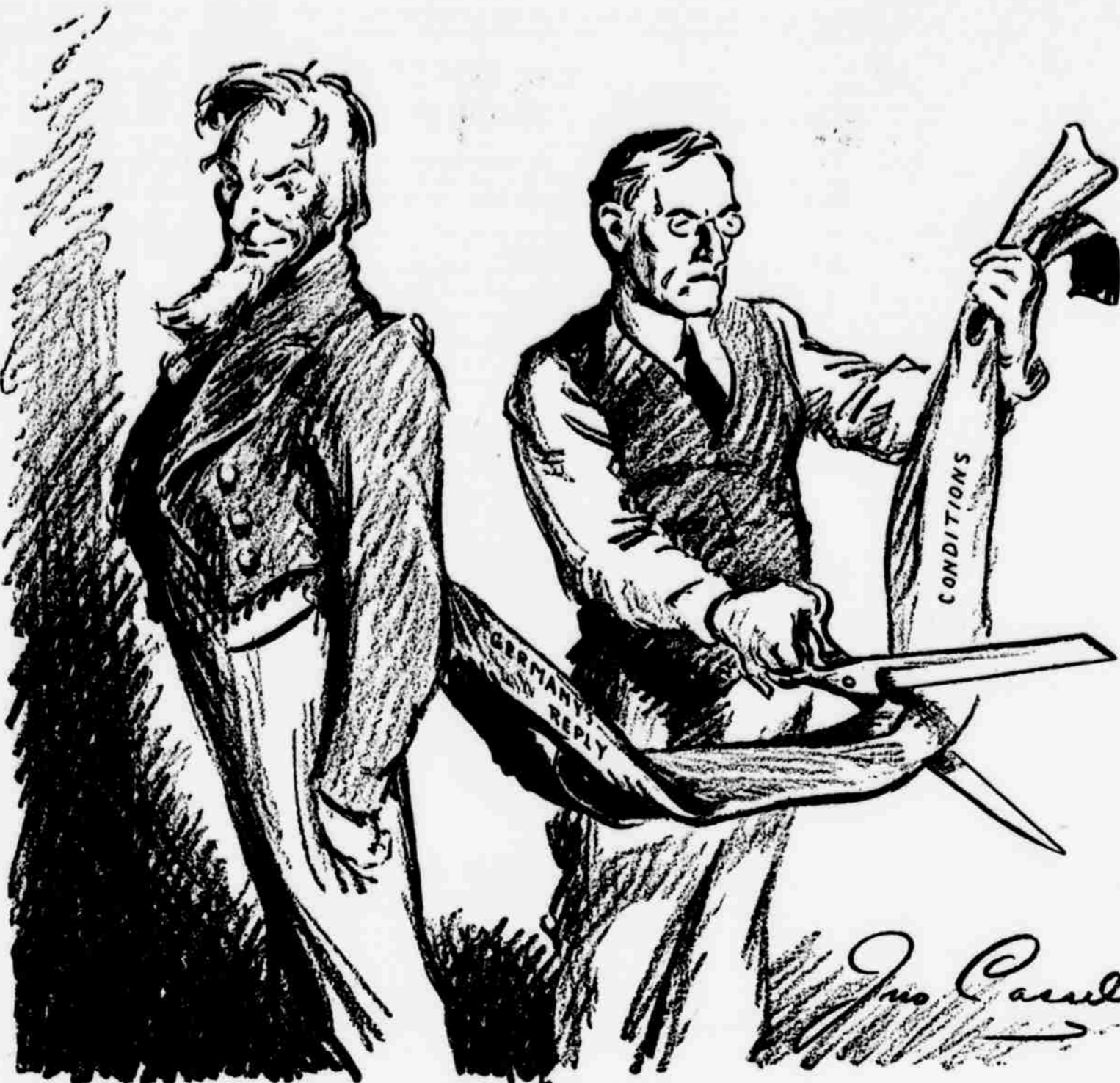
liged to support a navy and an army! A mere pigmy! It is as if the United States, instead of being a great, nay, the greatest nation, on earth, were divided into forty-eight little States, all running their own armies and navies and fighting with each other. Yet there are Irish who would put Ireland in that position. To-day Ireland is as fully represented in Parliament as New York is in Congress. Fancy New York desiring to be a nation by itself.

EDMOND EGAN.

Otherwise, It Fits

Copyright, 1916, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World)

By J. H. Cassel



The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCardell

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"I F summer is really coming I'll be glad of it," grumbled Mr. Jarr. "I've been shivering all week."

"Now, please, stop finding fault," said Mrs. Jarr wearily. "I'm just all worn out, and I wish I could pack up and go somewhere for a good long rest! The Stryvers are going to Atlantic City. There's a woman who has a good time of it in this life and doesn't appreciate it!"

"Maybe that's what other people are saying about you."

"Oh, I have a grand time! Everybody should envy me!" said Mrs. Jarr mournfully. "What with having to work, work, work from morning till night, trying to keep the place looking half way decent and attending to your things, and to the children's things, and doing my work and the girl's work, and being shut in the house all the time and never seeing anything or going anywhere, and me so sick that I can hardly hold up my head, and nobody saying a kind word to me or asking how I feel, or caring how I feel, and I wouldn't care if they didn't ask if I only could realize they did care—I suppose it's strange that I should admit I am tired and nervous and disheartened!"

"Well, er—er—if you feel that way, can't you go some place for a while?" stammered Mr. Jarr. "Let's rent the flat."

"Do you think I'm going to turn my house over to strangers whom I know nothing of?" asked Mrs. Jarr.

Mr. Jarr ventured that he had seen an advertisement in the paper that a refined couple would like to rent a furnished apartment for the summer.

"How do you know they are refined?" asked Mrs. Jarr. "And they'll have the window shades up all day letting the sun in to fade my carpets, and we'd come back to find all the dishes broken and the kitchenware burned, and my table linen all ruined. For what do people care what they do to things that do not belong to them?"

"Well, I only suggested it," said Mr. Jarr. "You know I can't get away till I get my two weeks' vacation in August, but if we rented our apartments and took a furnished cottage somewhere near New York, where I could come out and in on the train."

"Yes, and miss the last train and telephone me," said Mrs. Jarr. "Or maybe there wouldn't be a telephone—and there I'd be out in some lonely place where there were tramps and burglars, while you'd be around New York having a good time!"

Mr. Jarr suggested that if they rented their apartment furnished for

the summer they could afford to board at some seaside hotel within commuting distance of the city for him, and Mrs. Jarr would not then be burdened with household cares.

"That sounds all very well!" said Mrs. Jarr. "But they don't want to take children at those places, and they charge you extra when they do! And suppose the children were to get ill, or I was to get ill, how would that be in a hotel? We'd be ordered to go to a hospital, and strangers in our home who would laugh at you if you asked them to get out before their time was up. Or they might be people like the Hicketts rented their flat to, who broke everything and didn't pay them a cent, except the first month in advance, and the Hicketts couldn't do anything about it."

"Never mind about that," I tell him. "I look this way because I've been sick."

"He grins. 'You don't understand,' he says. 'I mean you look like a cat.'"

"So for a while yet you'll look in vain in the Society Columns to see where the Jarrs will summer, unless it be under the heading 'At Home.'"

Tigers have courage, and the rugged bear; But man alone can, when he conquers, spare.—WALLER.

Reflections of A Bachelor Girl

By Helen Rowland

Copyright, 1916, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World).
THERE is something insidious about the spring moonlight that always makes a girl think tenderly of the last man who kissed her—and a man thinks wistfully of the next girl he wants to kiss.

Oh, yes, there is a world of difference between a "marriageable man" and a "marring man," and it is the Herculean feat of a modern girl's life to turn the one into the other.

More marriages are shattered by a difference of taste in ventilation than by a difference of taste in jokes; it is a lot easier to live with a person who bores you than with one who insists on keeping the window open when you want it shut, and vice versa.

Oh, paw! If a girl says she doesn't want to marry, a man always calls her "unfeminine." If she openly declares that she does, he never calls at all.

A lover looks at all women through rose colored spectacles, a bachelor through blue glasses—and a married man through a microscope.

Perhaps the reason why brilliant women so seldom marry is that a woman simply MUST fall in love with her imagination, and the more imagination she has the less likely she is to lose her mental balance over the bitter realities that offer themselves.

Never "encourage" a man to make love to you, dearie; just forbid him to—and then lead him out into the moonlight.

The only thing sadder to contemplate than a disillusioned married pair who are tired of one another is a disillusioned bachelor who is tired of himself.

After five years of matrimony a wife is either a necessity or a nuisance.

Lucile, the Waitress

By Bide Dudley

Copyright, 1916, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World).
"WHAT do you think, kid?" said Lucile, the waitress, as the newspaper man unfolded his napkin. "There was a magazine editorial in here a while ago and he wants me to write poetry for him."

"Going to do it?"

"Oh, I don't think so. He was kidding me. He takes a seat on a stool and when I edge up for news from his appetite he tells me I look literary. At first I don't get him. Naturally I think he's deceiving on my health."

"Never mind about that," I tell him. "I look this way because I've been sick."

"He grins. 'You don't understand,' he says. 'I mean you look like a cat.'"

"So for a while yet you'll look in vain in the Society Columns to see where the Jarrs will summer, unless it be under the heading 'At Home.'"

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The Stories Of Stories

Plots of Immortal Fiction Masterpieces

By Albert Payson Terhune

Copyright, 1916, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World).
THE POT OF TULIPS. By Fitzjames O'Brien.

Bryant Park faces on Sixth Avenue, between Fortieth and Forty-second Streets. Before the days of Bryant Park this was the site of the Crystal Palace. Before the Crystal Palace was built or thought of the ancient Dutch mansion of the Van Koerens stood there.

Madison Square was a scrub-oak wilderness, with a few stately elms scattered here and there. Fourteenth and Twenty-third Streets were in the heart of a farm region. Fortieth Street was far out in the real country, miles above the northernmost limit of New York City.

Van Koeren was a wealthy Dutch merchant. He built his great country house here and had another house on Pearl Street. But he spent most of his time at the former home, he and his pretty Belgian wife.

The couple had one child, Alain, a son. Between the boy and his father, from the first, there was fierce dislike and misunderstanding. After the wife and mother died, Van Koeren ended the bitter feud by driving Alain from home and vowing that the lad should never touch a penny of the vast family fortune.

Yet, on his death bed, the old man started from a stupor, to gasp disconnectedly:

"It was wrong! My unfounded— For God's sake, look in— You will find!"

He sank back dead. In the moment of dying, his heart had evidently softened toward his ill-treated son; and he had sought, too late, to right the wrong he had done.

His last words took on a new meaning, when no vestige of his supposedly great wealth could be found. And people fell to recalling those odd last words of his. He had been trying to tell where he had hidden his fortune.

Alain had meantime married, and had died penniless, leaving one daughter, Alice, who, to support herself, became a governess. The old house remained tenanted. Alice could not afford to live there. And other people missed it because old Van Koeren's ghost was thought to haunt it. At last Alice became engaged to Minor, a young writer. Minor, with his chum, Jasper Joye, took the Van Koeren house for the summer.

On Minor's first night in the room where the old merchant had died, he was awakened by a chilly draught of air. Before him stood the ghost of Van Koeren, carrying in its phantom hands a curiously curved pot of tulips. The specter held forward the tulip pot, gazed fixedly at it—and vanished.

Minor sprang out of bed, awakened his chum, and declared he had a clue to the lost treasure. The two men rushed out into the garden and began digging among the antique tulip beds. All day they dug, but to no result.

Coming into the house worn out at dusk, they chanced to notice a decoration above the library mantel shelf. It was a colored bas-relief of a pot of tulips. Minor recognized the design at once as that of the pot of tulips carried by the ghost.

He and Joye tugged and pried at the bas-relief until their hands were raw. Then Joye twisted it to one side. At once the whole section of wainscoting fell forward as if fastened by a hinge, and revealed a safe behind the wall.

The safe was empty, except for one compartment. In this were a pile of yellowing documents. Minor snatched them from their hiding place. They were securities for several hundred thousand dollars' worth of property held in trust by a Dutch firm for the Van Koeren heirs.

From the grave, so Minor and Alice always declared—the spirit of the dead man had come back to right the grievous wrong he had wrought.

Every unpunished murder takes away something from the security of every man's life.—DANIEL WEBSTER.

Just a Wife--(Her Diary)

Edited by Janet Trevor.

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CHAPTER XI.

JULY 19.—Before I write another word to-day I'm going to say that I'm ashamed of myself. I didn't know that I could have such mean, petty feelings. When I have read in the newspapers about women who were jealous of their husbands' stenographers I have been ashamed of my sex. Yet now, if I weren't sternly squelching the instinct, I should be jealous of my husband's nurse and office attendant, Miss Lillie Duryea.

I saw her to-day. In fact, we lunched together. I had planned for an impromptu luncheon with Ned, and reached his office at quarter-to-ten. I didn't telephone, because I wanted to surprise him. But he had gone out with the last of his patients, and Miss Duryea was tidying up for next day. I introduced myself, and she explained that Ned wouldn't return. Then, because I didn't want to be a cat, I said:

"Won't you come to lunch with me; if you've no other engagement and will pardon the informality?"

"It's very kind of you, Mrs. Houghton, and I'll be glad to come," she answered, demurely.

Demureness, a sort of pussy-cat mildness and softness, is her note. She has yellow hair, parted and wound in two smooth braids around her face. Her eyes are blue, set just a trifle near together; or so it seems to me. She is a small person, at least an inch shorter than I am, and she dresses simply but most attractively.

She is just not a lady; I don't refer to any silly class division, but to that aggregate of fine instincts and delicate perceptions which a servant girl may possess and a duchess lack.

She gets more confidential. "Listen," she says. "Didn't you never make up a poem?"

"Sure," I say. "Want to hear it?"

"He does, kid, so I spill this one in his ear!"

"I have this country keeps the peace And does not go to war; If it don't leave police Will fight forever more."

"I don't know it, kid, but Lillie, the tow-head, is right behind me. When I finish that one she gives a giggle."

"This war is terrible to cause such poems as that," she says. "I shoot a glance into her vacant stare and warn her to keep still or I'll tell how her last fellow got sloughed and sent to the penitentiary. That's her tender spot, kid. She tells me that at any rate those who are in jail ain't got to associate with poetry writers. Then she beats it for the kitchen. I see where that editorial has got me to looking foolish, so I go after him."

"Who are you? I ask, 'to be coming in here and getting me, a lady, to make a fool out of myself.' 'He laughs. 'Never mind,' he says. 'If you write any poetry keep it till I come in again and I'll probably buy it from you.' Say, kid, wasn't he the freshest one, kid?"

"Well, he did presume a little," said the newspaper man. "Are you going to write poems for him?"

"Who—me? Never." "Oh, Lucile," called Lillie's voice at that point. "Better come out here and rescue your rhyming dictionary. Hugs, the dishwasher, is getting grouse all over it."

"Oh, go chase yourself," replied Lucile. "This her tender spot, kid. She tells me that at any rate those who are in jail ain't got to associate with poetry writers. Then she beats it for the kitchen. I see where that editorial has got me to looking foolish, so I go after him."

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